



**The New Year.**

UNTIDIED, unknown and fair,  
With deep, mysterious eyes and  
starry-white hair,  
Untouched by any breath of sin  
or shame.

Unfaded by care the brow's white flame,  
The New Year meets us, face to face,  
Laden with gifts of grace:  
The wealthy hours, with unknown blessings  
fraught.

Fair space for earnest toil and fruitful  
thought,  
For kindly word and generous deed,  
For blinding up the hearts that bleed,  
For conquering self and sin,  
For waiting strong within.

Also: All pale and cold,  
'Mid drifting snow, withered and shrunk and  
old.

We see the Old Year's sad, accusing ghost,  
Laden with treasure we have lost:  
The wasted hours, the deeds unwrought,  
The idle word and thought,  
The waiting word where weakness failed,  
Sharp tests of life, where strength or courage  
quailed.

The gracious toll we might have shared,  
The last for whom we might have cared—  
Sweet Heaven, how can we brook  
The Old Year's ghastly look?

Ah, let us gaze no more  
On loss and failure that have gone before:  
The future still has space for true life,  
For generous deeds and noble strife:  
The soul that cannot rest for true life,  
May climb to heights where angels tread,  
And thus, Almighty One in whom we trust,  
Who still rememberest we are but dust,  
Whose mercies all our sins outlast,  
Lift from our hearts the heavy past,  
That we may go with cheer  
To meet the glad New Year.

Samantha W. Shoup, in N. Y. Independent.

## BRIERLY'S STRANGE PRESENT FROM THE SEA.

IT WAS only by accident that the Sun people knew Brierly could write a story. And if they hadn't, they wouldn't have had any New Year's present, and this story would never have been written.

He had always been on the night desk, which is of the same family of furniture as an entertainment bureau. That is, he sat all night at a table with nine other men reading and editing local and telegraphic copy for the morning Sun.

It was the Sun's policy to hire some one from outside the office when they wanted a new man on the desk. And he came quietly in one afternoon as it was getting dark, and in a few words told the managing editor he was out of a job and could do desk work. He never said a word about salary, so the managing editor hired him.

He went to work that night, and it was a long time before anyone knew anything about him except that he lived on the hill.

He never came till just as the clock was striking seven, and it never stopped wheezing and puffing over the exertion he walked in. He always said "Good evening, sir," to the night editor. The night editor always said "Good evening, Brierly," to him.

Sometimes the lavish politeness would spread to the other desk men, and they would wish him a good evening, but more than half the time they didn't take the trouble.

And then Brierly would sit right down to the grind and turn off more work and do it better than any other two men put together. The men could never fathom him.

He never went out to the 11:20 lunch they indulged in, and when he repeatedly declined to go down to Catter's and have a beer they threw up the case in despair and refused longer to take any interest in him as a healthy human newspaper man.

When the city edition was sent down at 1:30, and Rich, the night editor, said "Good night, gentlemen," Brierly got up, echoed Rich's sentiments, and vanished.

He never wrote any mail. In short, he was a mystery.

It was spring when Brierly came, and it was October before Dearborn stumbled on his story. When the ten o'clock mail came that night, Walter, the office boy who looked it over, uttered an exclamation of surprise and tossed an envelope across the desk to Brierly.

He took it, cut it open, looked at the signature, turned white, stuffed the letter into his pocket, and went on editing his copy.

where there were many other desks. Opening from it were several smaller rooms with a few desks in each.

The office was deserted. The night city editor had gone home, and the all-night "on call" man had gone down to Catter's.

Dearborn, grumbling away to himself, dipped his pen into the ink and poised it in the air while he thought of a short, striking sentence with which to begin his story of a night along the wharves. Just then he heard a sound wharves. Just then he heard a sound wharves. Just then he heard a sound wharves.

Then he needed another idea again the pen was poised in the air. Again he heard the muffled sob. This time he heaved a string of unusually picturesque oaths and started to investigate.

Yes, there could be no mistaking that sound. Some one was sobbing strongly and trying to control himself. Now, under all his rough, gruff exterior, old John Dearborn had as warm and kind a heart as ever beat. Guided by the sound he softly opened the door of one of the small rooms and stood there looking in and thinking what a dramatic scene it was.

There sat Brierly in the middle of the room, his arms stretched out on the desk before him, his head buried, and his hand holding the letter. He was crying like a baby.

Dearborn stepped in and laid his hand firmly on Brierly's shoulder. Brierly turned a startled, defiant face up to Dearborn's, and growled out: "What do you want?"

"What's broken you up, old man?" said Dearborn.

"Nothing," said Brierly, catching his breath.

"You're a liar," said Dearborn, "and you have got to tell me what the matter is. Perhaps I can do something for you."

With that he stepped to the door, snapped the key, and put it in his pocket.

Then Brierly began to sob again. Dearborn hummed a tune, whistled a bit, swore under his breath and waited for Brierly to grow calmer. Finally he looked up and said with an effort: "I have got a letter—from a brother—that's given me the blues. Come up the hill with me when we get good night and I will tell you."

When the men came in at midnight from lunch Brierly was sitting at his place as usual and looking over a paper as if nothing out of the ordinary had happened. They glanced inquiringly at him, but they didn't dare to ask for an explanation.

At 1:30 he said good night, hunted up Dearborn, who was waiting for him, and they started up the hill.

When the whole story was told long afterward Dearborn said that during that walk to Brierly's room neither spoke a single word to the other.

When the gas flared up in Brierly's room, Dearborn saw a small cozy apartment with a desk in the center and the walls completely lined with books. A cot stood in a little alcove. Brierly poked up the fire, handed Dearborn a pipe, lighted another himself, and reached into his pocket.

All this time he had not said a word and Dearborn, with the ready tact born of a long newspaper experience, said nothing. Finally Brierly handed him the letter and said: "read it."

This was what Dearborn read: "Brierly—What's the use? It's three years since you refused to have anything to do with me, and I can't seem to catch on anywhere. Somewhere where I've been since I saw you. I am going to do something decisive in my life now. I am going to end it."

Dearborn read it through twice, looked at the postmark, blushed by rain beyond all recognition, looked at Brierly, and said: "Well, old man, who's John?"

"I said no, because I knew that he would go to the devil in it. He started in at college and did not make the sophomore class. He spent all the money I could rake and scrape."

"When he was dropped from his class I upbraided him severely, and in his careless, insouciant fashion he told me that he wanted to go to work."

"I told him that he should go to work, surely not in a newspaper office. He told me he never would go through college."

"Then I pleaded with him not to disgrace the family name, and he promised to try again. But he did disgrace it not long after. He got into a terrible scrape and was expelled."

"I could not stand that, and when he came to me with his story I cursed him. I told him I was done with him forever, and in my bitter wrath I meant it."

"He was frightened at first. Then the Brierly came to his aid, and he replied as bitterly that he didn't need my help. With that he left my room."

"From then until now I have never seen him nor heard from him. God knows I loved him better than my life, and how deeply I have regretted sending him away. I never could track him, and now he's dead. That's all, Dearborn."

Dearborn went across the room, laid his old hand on Brierly's shaggy head, and said: "My poor boy. I understand you now."

Then he left him and went home. It was only about a week after that a rumor of an anarchist meeting came in very late one night. Rich looked around for a reporter, but it was so late that they had all gone home.

The "on call" man was out on a murder, and with a curious desire to see what Brierly could do, he sent him to the meeting. The story he wrote was long the talk of the town.

After that they took him off the desk and put him on the staff as a special writer. When there was a big piece of work to be done demanding descriptive writing, it was always Brierly who was sent.

The day before New Year's a terrible storm broke. It strewn wrecks along the coast, and many a vessel pounded her life out on the rocks that lined the shore for miles like a barrier between the land and sea.

"See here, Brierly," said the managing editor that night, "the weather bureau people say this is going to be the worst storm we have had for years. The wind is on shore, and it'll make nasty work for the life-savers. Got any dinner invitations to-morrow?"

Brierly only shook his head drearily. "Well," continued the managing editor, then he stopped and hesitated while Brierly regarded him steadily.

"O, hang it, Brierly," said the managing editor, "I'm sorry I have got to send you down the coast, and I'm sorry here he was."

A week before he was able to go up to town. But when he did go he went to work on the Sun and is making a success there under the watchful eye of his brother.

And the witty man says that "Brierly has gotten to be quite a decent sort of a fellow now."—George L. Sullivan, in Boston Globe.

IN AMSTERDAM.

An Artist's Amazing Letter of His Experiences in the Dutch City.

throwing on his oilskins he started out with the men.

The snow had stopped falling. It was a bit lighter, and they could see the silver line of surf stretching either way on the beach. Its roar was so loud they had to shout in each other's ears to be heard.

With unceasing regularity the boom of the gun rode in to the men. At least regular intervals a fiery snake wriggled out of the blackness and died in mid-air.

It was a tough struggle to the water's edge, but at last they planted the gun and made ready to drop a line over the vessel. Several times they were unsuccessful, and pulled the line back again, but finally succeeded.

"I could not stand that, and when he came to me with his story I cursed him. I told him I was done with him forever, and in my bitter wrath I meant it."

"He was frightened at first. Then the Brierly came to his aid, and he replied as bitterly that he didn't need my help. With that he left my room."

"From then until now I have never seen him nor heard from him. God knows I loved him better than my life, and how deeply I have regretted sending him away. I never could track him, and now he's dead. That's all, Dearborn."

Dearborn went across the room, laid his old hand on Brierly's shaggy head, and said: "My poor boy. I understand you now."

Then he left him and went home. It was only about a week after that a rumor of an anarchist meeting came in very late one night. Rich looked around for a reporter, but it was so late that they had all gone home.

The "on call" man was out on a murder, and with a curious desire to see what Brierly could do, he sent him to the meeting. The story he wrote was long the talk of the town.

After that they took him off the desk and put him on the staff as a special writer. When there was a big piece of work to be done demanding descriptive writing, it was always Brierly who was sent.

The day before New Year's a terrible storm broke. It strewn wrecks along the coast, and many a vessel pounded her life out on the rocks that lined the shore for miles like a barrier between the land and sea.

"See here, Brierly," said the managing editor that night, "the weather bureau people say this is going to be the worst storm we have had for years. The wind is on shore, and it'll make nasty work for the life-savers. Got any dinner invitations to-morrow?"

Brierly only shook his head drearily. "Well," continued the managing editor, then he stopped and hesitated while Brierly regarded him steadily.

"O, hang it, Brierly," said the managing editor, "I'm sorry I have got to send you down the coast, and I'm sorry here he was."

A week before he was able to go up to town. But when he did go he went to work on the Sun and is making a success there under the watchful eye of his brother.

And the witty man says that "Brierly has gotten to be quite a decent sort of a fellow now."—George L. Sullivan, in Boston Globe.

IN AMSTERDAM.

An Artist's Amazing Letter of His Experiences in the Dutch City.

## CALENDAR FOR 1893.

JANUARY							JULY						
S	M	T	W	T	F	S	S	M	T	W	T	F	S
1	2	3	4	5	6	7	1	2	3	4	5	6	7
8	9	10	11	12	13	14	8	9	10	11	12	13	14
15	16	17	18	19	20	21	15	16	17	18	19	20	21
22	23	24	25	26	27	28	22	23	24	25	26	27	28
29	30	31					29	30	31				

FEBRUARY							AUGUST						
S	M	T	W	T	F	S	S	M	T	W	T	F	S
1	2	3	4	5	6	7	1	2	3	4	5	6	7
8	9	10	11	12	13	14	8	9	10	11	12	13	14
15	16	17	18	19	20	21	15	16	17	18	19	20	21
22	23	24	25	26	27	28	22	23	24	25	26	27	28
29	30						29	30					

MARCH							SEPTEMBER						
S	M	T	W	T	F	S	S	M	T	W	T	F	S
1	2	3	4	5	6	7	1	2	3	4	5	6	7
8	9	10	11	12	13	14	8	9	10	11	12	13	14
15	16	17	18	19	20	21	15	16	17	18	19	20	21
22	23	24	25	26	27	28	22	23	24	25	26	27	28
29	30	31					29	30					

APRIL							OCTOBER						
S	M	T	W	T	F	S	S	M	T	W	T	F	S
1	2	3	4	5	6	7	1	2	3	4	5	6	7
8	9	10	11	12	13	14	8	9	10	11	12	13	14
15	16	17	18	19	20	21	15	16	17	18	19	20	21
22	23	24	25	26	27	28	22	23	24	25	26	27	28
29	30						29	30					

MAY							NOVEMBER						
S	M	T	W	T	F	S	S	M	T	W	T	F	S
1	2	3	4	5	6	7	1	2	3	4	5	6	7
8	9	10	11	12	13	14	8	9	10	11	12	13	14
15	16	17	18	19	20	21	15	16	17	18	19	20	21
22	23	24	25	26	27	28	22	23	24	25	26	27	28
29	30	31					29	30					

JUNE							DECEMBER						
S	M	T	W	T	F	S	S	M	T	W	T	F	S
1	2	3	4	5	6	7	1	2	3	4	5	6	7
8	9	10	11	12	13	14	8	9	10	11	12	13	14
15	16	17	18	19	20	21	15	16	17	18	19	20	21
22	23	24	25	26	27	28	22	23	24	25	26	27	28
29	30						29	30					

## A MIRACLE IN TEXAS.

Investigated by the Texas Christian Advocate and Vouched for by Dr. C. H. Stansbury.

(From the Texas Christian Advocate.)

Our representative has made a careful investigation of the H. E. Spaulding case at Longview, which is here published for the first time, and which will be read with great interest by medical men everywhere. In reply to the Christian Advocate's question, Dr. Spaulding said: About eight years ago while running a locomotive I contracted sciatic rheumatism in my left side from my hip down. It came on slow but sure and in a few months I had lost control entirely of that member, it was just the same as if it were paralyzed. I was totally unable to move out of my room for a year and a half, six months of which I was bed-ridden. I tried every remedy suggested, and had regular physicians in constant attendance on me. I was bled up and sent to Hot Springs where I spent three months under the treatment of the most eminent specialists, all of which did me no good, and I came back from the springs in a worse condition than when I went. I came home and laid flat on my back and suffered the most excruciating agonies, screaming in pain every time anybody walked across the room, the only case I obtained being from the constant use of opiates. After three months of this kind of agony, during which time my entire left leg perished away to the very bone, my attention was called to a new remedy called Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People, by Mr. Allison who is now a resident at Texasiana, and who was relieved of locomotor ataxia of twenty years duration. At his urgent and repeated solicitation I consented to give them a trial after taking a few doses I began to improve. I continued taking the pills and kept right on improving until I was finally cured. My leg is just the same size now as the other one, and I am sure that Pink Pills not only cured me but saved life.

The reporter next visited Dr. C. H. Stansbury, a graduate of one of the medical schools of Kentucky, and a man who enjoys the confidence of everybody in Longview. He said: "I know that Mr. Spaulding had a terribly severe attack of sciatic rheumatism of which I tried to cure him; used everything known to my profession in vain and finally removed him to go to Hot Springs. He came back from the springs worse than when he went and I thought it would be useless and he would die. I also know that his cure is the direct result of the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. That is rather an unusual statement for a regular physician to make, doctor."

"I know it is, but a fact is a fact, and there are hundreds of people right here in Longview who know what I say is the truth. I also know Mr. Allison and know that he is a reliable man, and that he is a case of locomotor ataxia of twenty years standing."

He was Full Already.

She—Just think, Cousin Fritz while coming home from his club last night fell into the water.

He—Great heavens! I hope he didn't drown.

She—He couldn't drown. He was so full he couldn't swallow any water.—Alex Sweet, in Texas Siftings.

The Difference.

"Rivers," said Banks, "turn round and let me see how it fits you."

Yes, it's a pretty fair sort of overcoat.

"Banks," responded Rivers, with dignity, "the difference between you and my tailor is that he hopes it will be paid for."—Chicago Tribune.

Not Yet Wedded.

## No Substitutes

For Royal Baking Powder. The "Royal" is shown by all tests, official, scientific, and practical, stronger, purer, and better in every way than all other Baking Powders. Its superiority is privately acknowledged by other manufacturers, and well known by all dealers.

If some grocers try to sell another baking powder in place of the "Royal," it is because of the greater profit. This of itself is good evidence of the superiority of the "Royal." To give greater profit the other must be a lower cost powder, and to cost less it must be made with cheaper and inferior materials, and thus, though selling for the same, give less value to the consumer.

LOOK with suspicion upon every attempt to palm off upon you any baking powder in place of the "Royal." There is no substitute for the "Royal."

—Lord Lansdowne, late viceroy of India, and formerly governor-general of Canada, who has been made a Knight of the Garter, is the third successive marquis of his line to receive this honor. Seven dukes of Devonshire in succession have been Knights of the Garter, six dukes of Richmond and of Rutland, five dukes of Beaufort and of Northumberland, three marquises of Salisbury, and three earls of Spencer. Of the ordinary knights Earl Fitzwilliam, who was appointed in 1862, is the senior since the recent death of Earl Grey, of the royal extra knights, the duke of Cambridge, who was made a Knight of the Garter by King William IV., in 1835, is the most ancient; he is the only knight now living who has not received the honor from Queen Victoria.

—Lord Lansdowne, late viceroy of India, and formerly governor-general of Canada, who has been made a Knight of the Garter, is the third successive marquis of his line to receive this honor. Seven dukes of Devonshire in succession have been Knights of the Garter, six dukes of Richmond and of Rutland, five dukes of Beaufort and of Northumberland, three marquises of Salisbury, and three earls of Spencer. Of the ordinary knights Earl Fitzwilliam, who was appointed in 1862, is the senior since the recent death of Earl Grey, of the royal extra knights, the duke of Cambridge, who was made a Knight of the Garter by King William IV., in 1835, is the most ancient; he is the only knight now living who has not received the honor from Queen Victoria.

—Lord Lansdowne, late viceroy of India, and formerly governor-general of Canada, who has been made a Knight of the Garter, is the third successive marquis of his line to receive this honor. Seven dukes of Devonshire in succession have been Knights of the Garter, six dukes of Richmond and of Rutland, five dukes of Beaufort and of Northumberland, three marquises of Salisbury, and three earls of Spencer. Of the ordinary knights Earl Fitzwilliam, who was appointed in 1862, is the senior since the recent death of Earl Grey, of the royal extra knights, the duke of Cambridge, who was made a Knight of the Garter by King William IV., in 1835, is the most ancient; he is the only knight now living who has not received the honor from Queen Victoria.

—Lord Lansdowne, late viceroy of India, and formerly governor-general of Canada, who has been made a Knight of the Garter, is the third successive marquis of his line to receive this honor. Seven dukes of Devonshire in succession have been Knights of the Garter, six dukes of Richmond and of Rutland, five dukes of Beaufort and of Northumberland, three marquises of Salisbury, and three earls of Spencer. Of the ordinary knights Earl Fitzwilliam, who was appointed in 1862, is the senior since the recent death of Earl Grey, of the royal extra knights, the duke of Cambridge, who was made a Knight of the Garter by King William IV., in 1835, is the most ancient; he is the only knight now living who has not received the honor from Queen Victoria.

—Lord Lansdowne, late viceroy of India, and formerly governor-general of Canada, who has been made a Knight of the Garter, is the third successive marquis of his line to receive this honor. Seven dukes of Devonshire in succession have been Knights of the Garter, six dukes of Richmond and of Rutland, five dukes of Beaufort and of Northumberland, three marquises of Salisbury, and three earls of Spencer. Of the ordinary knights Earl Fitzwilliam, who was appointed in 1862, is the senior since the recent death of Earl Grey, of the royal extra knights, the duke of Cambridge, who was made a Knight of the Garter by King William IV., in 1835, is the most ancient; he is the only knight now living who has not received the honor from Queen Victoria.

—Lord Lansdowne, late viceroy of India, and formerly governor-general of Canada, who has been made a Knight of the Garter, is the third successive marquis of his line to receive this honor. Seven dukes of Devonshire in succession have been Knights of the Garter, six dukes of Richmond and of Rutland, five dukes of Beaufort and of Northumberland,